THE

TOILET, &c.

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THE CENSOR.

I AM ſurpriſed to hear an objection to the cultivation of the mind, from people of real refinement, that it increaſes the native ſenſibility of the *female*, and therefore, ſubjects her to numerous mortifications! That culture and diſcipline render the heart more ſuſceptible, is a truth which I conſider as one of the greateſt encouragements derived from the laborious purſuit. The great objects of learning are to make us better, and enable us to do greater good to thoſe around us. If theſe are not obtained we have gained nothing, after a life ſpent in the moſt painful reſearch.

I have been induced to make theſe remarks, not only from what myſelf have noticed, but from hearing it regretted by many of my friends, that the modern method, of inſtructing young miſſes, is in a degree abſurd, and often inconſiſtent with the beſt wiſhes of their parents. It is the deſign, no doubt, of every parent to beſtow thoſe endowments which ſhall beſt befit the ſtation which the child will probably be called to fill. A beloved daughter is to receive every thing from her parents, which affection, and perhaps a vain partiality can give. The inquiry is natural and important. In what way can we the moſt fully gratify our own fond

wiſhes, and facilitate the progreſs of her felicity? An education is juſtly concluded on as eſſentially requiſite, which is too often entruſted to ſuch as are incapable, from many reaſons to give to it the attention it deſerves.

Every leſſon, which is given to the young pupil is calculated to ſoften, in order to perfect the delicacy of her ſentiments. Her preceptor dwells much on the pathetic, to give a tone to the native lovelineſs of her charms. She is taught to look on ideal miſery and diſtreſs with a tear; to weep at a ſuppoſed misfortune, with a deſire to alleviate, while the haggard mendicant drops his wallet at her feet, imploring a penny, unnoticed and neglected! Miſery, in real life, being an object too vulgar to meet the eye of cleanly refinement, the ſubject receives a perfect repreſentation in a romance, by imagining an unlucky girl, repining in deſpair, on the brink of a murmuring ſtream, meandering through the Elyſian fields.

I would not be thought to ridicule the natural tenderneſs of the female diſpoſition; ſo far from it, that I am induced to excuſe their errors, as being juſtly attributable to their inſtructors.

There is a hidden deſtiny attached to every being, which cannot be controled, even by parental affluence, or love. It is beyond our capacity to make allotments for futurity with any degree of certainty, however auſpicious probabilities may augur from the analogy of our own reaſonings. The child, who is born an heir to independence may become the daughter of a bankrupt, and an orphan without a ſubſiſtence. Under afflictions like theſe, her only conſolation muſt ariſe from her religion, and her education.

If ſhe has been ſo unfortunate as to have received what is termed a *polite education* merely, unverſed in thoſe extended views of true philoſophy, which, while they dignify the mind, give a modeſt and humble deportment, and teach to find "tongues in trees, and books in running brooks," ſhe will find herſelf entirely unprepared to meet the aſpect of adverſity. Notwithſtanding the extent of her reading, the multitude of reſpectable companions, and the judicious notions ſhe may have formed on the manners of the metropolis, in a change of ſituation, or circumſtances, ſhe may find one half of her knowledge uſeleſs, and the other half a ſource of diſquiet. She will neceſſarily perceive, that her education was given her from a miſtaken reference to the world, and that ſhe has, for the frippery of her youthful circle, neglected the ſolid ornaments which retain their luſtre in every clime.

The ancient manners of the Grecian and Roman ladies, I am ready to acknowledge, would illy ſuit the refinement of advanced ſociety. But I would appeal to the good ſenſe of my readers, and aſk whether we are not more likely to err on the other extreme, and whether a medium between ancient heroiſm and the falſe taſte of the preſent day would not be expedient? Many ladies ſuppoſe themſelves exempt from all ſtudies which do not pleaſe the fancy, as though the tinſel only of learning would be proper for their uſe. Not reflecting that their dignity and uſefulneſs in life, depend on the attention which is paid to their underſtandings, in preference to their perſons; to the delicacy of their ſentiments, in preference to the ſprightlineſs of their wit.

Mr. Editor,

At the commencement of a new century we are all inclined to a retroſpect of the old ; ſome from motives of curioſity, ſome for the purpoſe of making wiſe reflections, and others to compare the ſtate of the arts at the two periods. The term, within the recollection of the preſent generation, extends not further back than the middle of the laſt century ; or if there are a few feeble old men of 70 years, they ſtand as monuments of human imbecility, rather than columns that deſignate the vigor and purity of old times. We can derive from them no information reſpecting the feelings and the manners of our forefathers ; and the curious and the philoſophical inquirer are alike obliged to have recourſe to the cabinets of the antiquarian, to pick out crumbs of information from the fragments of a diary, and often to complete his outline by the ſyſtem of aſſociation, making a general, not a particular likeneſs. Great military or civil events are not forgotten, while their immediate or unoſtenſible cauſes are too inſignificant or too humiliating to appear on national records. Yet the era of great events, is the period of the ſevereſt ſcrutiny, with poſterity. Whether William the conqueror wore a woollen or a fur night cap ; Elizabeth eat ſteaks for breakfaſt, that were cooked on a gridiron or in a frying pan ; or Henry the great, preferred burgundy to champaign, have been ſubjects of great inquiry, and have exerciſed the ingenuity of many an antiquarian, to the no ſmall entertainment of the European public. With us Americans, or rather with our poſterity, *the age of* Washington will be a perpetual ſubject of ſpeculation. The cuſtoms, manners, habits, opinions, faſhions, in ſhort, every particular which in-

fluenced or occurred in ſociety, they will be deſirous of knowing. News papers, and other publications, will hand down many particulars, but it muſt require the labor of many lives, to ſelect and combine from ſuch multifarious magazines. A more direct and ſimple mode might be adopted, if the labor of the chronologiſt was divided and ſubdivided among the ſeveral profeſſions, ſects, clubs, and aſſociations, of ſcience, arts, or pleaſure; for inſtance, the man of ſcience would begin his diary thus, Jan. 1, 1801. The academy met; very cold; no money to pay for publiſhing; no member at leiſure to ſelect; no perſon diſpoſed to read; ſcience too much diffuſed; not ſufficiently honored; buy ſome charcoal before we meet again: Eſſay on cabages very good; Sanctorious uſed a Greek derivative; did not like it: Linneus ought to have written in Engliſh.

Jan. 2. Did nothing yeſterday: calculated the power of a cork ſcrew; bruſhed the duſt from two ſhelves; Kircher wrote on the plague; Whiſton on comets; fools, they knew nothing; the laſt age knew nothing of ſcience: Reſearch is a fop; tell me that the diſcoveries of this age, are only tranſlations from the writings of the laſt; that we only put them into modern language, and extend their ſyſtems: I'll tell Fitch of this, he knows—

But Sir, I did not mean to point out the mode, my intention was only to give you a hint. Among the periodical works of Engliſh authors, there are none perhaps ſo generally juſt to truth and national manners, as the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian. The various pictures they have left of their cotemporaries, acquire value as they become ancient. X.

BENEFICENCE.

An eminent modern author obſerves, "That inſtead of malevolence, this world abounds in men whoſe hearts are overflowing with good will; and who, if they can be convinced of the uprightneſs of the intention of any one, are ever diſpoſed to receive with the moſt tender indulgence the efforts, however weak, that may be made to effect any uſeful purpoſe."

To be convinced of this truth, one has only to make the experiment; and although he may be compelled to encounter many obſtacles and hinderances, from different characters, ſtill the truly beneficent are ſo much aware of theſe fatalities, that their kindneſs will be diſplayed with ſo much the more zeal.

We are too apt to judge of man abſtractly, and form notions of his vileneſs in our cloſet preciſely after the treatment we have laſt received. By which method of deciding, our opinions muſt vary according to the whims of the world; of courſe, we are ſubjected to conſtant errors and mortifications. Another proceſs of exploring the human heart, is to ſuppoſe all actuated by the ſame motives with ourſelves. In rigidly purſuing this, we find ourſelves ſurpriſed at the different taſtes and propenſities, the obſtinate adherence to principles which we deteſt. The feelings of our own mind give a tint to the ſentence we daily paſs upon our friends and our enemies. If we are conſcious of uprightneſs in our conduct, an unfavorable conſtruction, however honeſt the intentions of him who made it, gives us a conviction of his perverſeneſs and malevolence; and a ſure proof of his open declaration of hoſtility to our intereſt and peace. Paſſion too haſty to make inquiries, urges us upon the defenſive, till wounds are given

on both ſides, which death alone can heal! Whereas, could reaſon and religion at all times ſet umpire, we ſhould be led by their precepts to believe others as harmleſs as ourſelves, and as much entitled to indulgence; hence we ſhould be induced "to hide the fault we ſee," to note with ſcrupulous generoſity every worthy action, and publiſh it to the world in its purity, "as a praiſe and encouragement to ſuch as do well."

To the CROCUS.

[SELECTED.]

"Upright as are the thoughts of her I prize,
Second of flow'rs, though little can'ſt thou boaſt
May charm the ſight, or gratify the ſmell,
I love thee! for of all this goodly ſcene
Which we behold, nought earlier than thyſelf
My ſoul remembers. In my boyiſh years
I've marked thy coming with inceſſant watch;
Oft have I viſited each morn the ſpot
Wherein thou lay'ſt entomb'd; oft joy'd to ſee
Thy pointed tops juſt piercing through the ground;
And, ah! fond fool! how often haſt thou bar'd
Their tender ſides, till thy too greedy love
Has kill'd the flow'rs its ſtrange impatience ſtrove
To haſten into bloom! So do not ye
Whom Heav'n has bleſt with children; but beware,
Leſt ye expoſe your darling hopes too ſoon
To the world's fury, there to face the winds
Whoſe bitter biting chills the weakly plant;
But ſhield them with your kind and foſt'ring aid,
Till they have gather'd ſtrength t' abide thoſe froſts
That nip life's op'ning bud, elſe ye, perhaps,
May find your hopes all blaſted, ev'n as mine."

HUMAN IMPERFECTION.

Go, if thou canſt, and find Bethpeor's grave,
Where Moſes reſts, the meekeſt man of God ;
Or viſit ancient Hebron's rock-form'd cave,
By Sarah's ſilent footſteps earlier trod ;
Next ſearch the globe, and 'mid this grand review
Of death's broad phalanx riſing into light ;
Dare to pronounce *This* form, no failings knew,
And that, was perfect in JEHOVAH's ſight.
Bold, weak attempt ! 'tis not in Adam's race,
'Twas not in him ſecure from ill to ſtand ;
Eve's faireſt daughter needs the robe of grace,
And Adam's gold the GREAT REFINER's hand.

The following lines, from Mr. DUTTON's poem on "THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE," reflect a happy ſemblance of many of our *tea table orators*, in their PRESENT STATE OF ORATORY.

A BUSY throng, in faſhion's livery dight,
Riſe, at a diſtance, on the Muſe's ſight ;
Loquacious, pert, oppreſſively polite,
And elegantly dull, from morn to night ;
Who ſkip about the fair, like dapper elves,
Loſt in attention—to their own dear ſelves.
Yet ſuch are ſkill'd the drama's rules to ſcan,
And ſeize the faults, in manner, or in plan ; [miſs'd it,
Can point the ſcene, where luſcious *KOTZEBUE*
And ſwear tis true ;—for they were by, and hiſs'd it ;
Can curſe the players, that grace and action lack'd,
Start up, and ſhow, how *COOPER*—did'nt act.

MR. EDITOR,

I LIKE your plan of collecting the money for the Toilet, on the delivery of each number ; and beg leave to recommend to every patroneſs, to have her four penny bit always ready for the carrier, that time and trouble may be ſaved on both ſides. *A Cuſtomer.*